THE

Lovers Petition

TO

PARLIAMENT

AGAINST THE

THIEVES.

BY A NOBLE LORD.

WITH THE

THIEVES ANSWER,

BY A LADY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Gallant ADVENTURE upon it,

Handed about in a late Reign, and now publish'd as a Satire upon *Advertising Lovers.*

LONDON:
Printed for S. DIAL, in *Covent Garden,*
1743.

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Lover's Petition

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(CALLED THE)

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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INTRODUCTION.

THE *two following polite, little, ſatirical Pieces, being a whimſical Conteſt between the* Lovers *and* Thieves, &c. *were wrote ſome Years ago, and are the Productions of the celebrated* Pollio *and* Sapho, *two Perſons, that I dare ſay, the intelligent Reader will not be at a Loſs to gueſs at. They afforded infinite Satisfaction to the gay World at the Time they were handed about in Manuſcript; but as they ſerved only for private Amuſement, and the Copies are become very ſcarce, by the Favour of a noble Lord, whoſe Name I am not at Liberty to mention, I was permitted to take a*

Tranſcript, and flatter myſelf the Publication will afford Matter of no leſs Entertainment, at a Time when Soldiers *complain of want of Aſſurance to make their Addreſſes, and the Town is every Day amuſed with a ridiculous Method of Court-ſhip in News-Papers, by an effeminate Generation of* advertiſing Lovers.

As to the gallant Adventure which the Lady's Anſwer to the Thieves, &c. *Petition, gave riſe to, it may be depended upon to be Fact; and as that again was known to fewer ſtill, I imagine a Detail of it will be far from being thought an improper Supplement.*

From

From the London Gazette.

AT a grand Meeting the other Day of a numerous Body of Lovers, held at *Fair Roſamond's Head*, in *Heart Street*, near *Love Lane*, it was reſolv-d (the Supplies being firſt duly granted) o apply to Parliament for Redreſs of cer-in Grievances they labour'd under; and Committee was accordingly appointed o draw up a Petition, which being read nd approved of, *Nemine Contradicente*, *ourtly Strephon*, Eſq; the Chairman, was efired to preſent the ſame forthwith to e Houſe, as being a Member thereof; a opy of which is as follows.

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain *in Parliament aſſembled, the Humble Petition of us Votaries of* Cupid, *commonly call'd Lovers, whoſe Names are hereunto ſubſcribed, in Behalf of ourſelves and many thouſands of others in and about this great Metropolis,*

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioners for ſeveral Years laſt paſt have been expoſed to many dangerous, as well as barbarous Interruptions in our nocturnal Viſits to our Miſtreſſes, from the prodigious Increaſe of Thieves, Pickpockets, and Street Robbers, infeſting every Part of this extenſive City.

That the ſaid Thieves, Pickpockets and Street Robbers are arrived to ſuch an amazing Pitch of Audaciouſneſs, there is no giving a Rendezvous to our dear Charmers at the

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the Opera, Play Houſe, or Ball with any Safety, (as doubtleſs many in this honourable Houſe, as well as in the other, have wofully experienced) to the Scandal of good Government, to the great Nuſance of civil Society in general, and to the very great Diſcouragement of us in particular.

That as the Night is the propereſt Seaſon for the Interviews of Lovers, we are thereby deprived of that Opportunity; and accordingly have often been prevented from making good our Aſſignations, to the unſpeakable Mortification of the Parties ſo diſappointed, ariſing from cruel Conflicts, dark Suſpicions, ſevere Reproaches, unhappy Differences, fatal Reſentments, and a Train of unkind Suggeſtions, incident to the moſt glaring Falſehood.

That

That we imagine the Odium caſt upon us of late Years, of being ſpiritleſs, inſenſible Creatures, and no ways capable of the tender Paſſion, is in a great Meaſure, if not entirely, owing to this Evil.

That your Petitioners cannot but apprehend from it ſad and diſmal Conſequences to the Publick, as well as to ourſelves, if it is conſider'd, what a large Body of his Majeſty's peaceable Subjects is thus render'd liable to be taken off by Deſperation: How fatal it muſt prove to our Trade, when Dreſs, Equipage and Shew ſhall become vain; when Pleaſure ſhall be no more, we tremble to think how much we may degenerate from our preſent Politeneſs! How gloomy, how ſullen we may grow from repeated Diſappointments, ſo as to relapſe into the Sternneſs of our rough

rough Anceſtors——Run mad for *Liberty* inſtead of *Love*——Write *Satires* inſtead of *Sonnets*——*Storm* inſtead of *Sigh*; and from being a moſt inoffenſive Body of People, become the fierceſt Oppoſers of every Meaſure of Government.

That we farther apprehend that we are entitled to Protection equally with the reſt of his Majeſty's Liege Subjects, as being deſirous to remain in the gentle Supineneſs of Soul we find ourſelves, ſo as we may enjoy a ſoft Intercourſe without Danger and Interruption.

That moreover the ſaid Thieves, Pickpockets and Street Robbers have had the Inſolence to ſet us at Defiance, boaſting every where that they do not doubt but to defeat our juſt Expectations, as having power-

powerful Friends and Relations in this honourable Houſe, as well as by a proper Application of the Swords, Watches, Snuff-Boxes, Rings, &c. purloin'd or forced from us; by which they would make the World believe that thoſe very Spoils, which ought to be their Deſtruction, are ſo many Pledges of their Security. An Inſinuation we apprehend to be highly derogatory of the Honour of this Houſe, and deſerving the moſt exemplary Puniſhment.

Wherefore, and in Regard our Reputation, our Peace, our Happineſs, our Safeties, the Intereſt of his Majeſty, the Trade of this Kingdom, and the Honour of this Houſe, are all ſo nearly concerned in the Removal of this moſt intollerable Grievance, your Petitioners moſt hum-

humbly hope that this honourable Houſe will take the Premiſes into Conſideration, and grant ſuch Redreſs therein as to your Wiſdom ſhall ſeem meet.

And your Petitioners, as in Duty bound, will ever pray, &c.

Courtly Strephon, Eſq;
Sir *Damon Puny*, Knt.
Sir *Colin Wiſhmore*, Knt.
Side-box Ogle, Eſq;
Beau Leer.
Beau Faintaway, &c. &c. &c.

To the Author of the London Gazette.

SIR,

UPON reading a very extraordinary Petition, ſaid to be publiſh'd in your Paper, ſign'd by a ſoft Species of People, taking upon themſelves the Appellation of Lovers; and perceiving that it is deſigned to be preſented to the Houſe, and as after reading, the Matter thereof, will, in all probability, be referr'd to a Committee of the ſame, to report their Opinion, in order to the bringing in a Bill for redreſs of the Evil complained of, according to the Prayer of the ſaid Petition; I was provoked to ſhew the World the Injuſtice of their Complaints in the following Letter, addreſs'd to them in Behalf of their *cruel* Enemies, the ſaid *Thieves*, *Pickpockets* *Street Robbers*, they have ſo pathetically exclaim'd againſt.

And tho' I have taken upon me the ſeemingly ſcandalous Taſk of becoming an Advocate for a Set of People, you may, as well as myſelf, look upon as infamous in other Reſpects; yet in the preſent Caſe, I hope to make you agree with me, that they are greatly injur'd. And ſurely I can

ſee

ſee no Reaſon why they ſhould not be defended, where their Cauſe will admit of ſo juſt a Defence, as well as the more enormous Guilty that have been juſtified or ſkreen'd from the memorable South-Sea Year to this Day.

Obnoxious therefore as they are to you, I have that Opinion of your Impartiality that I preſuade myſelf you will allow them fair Play, in conveying what they have to ſay for themſelves to the Publick in ſuch weak Language as ſhall flow from the Pen of their Female Advocate.

To the gentle Votaries of Cupid, *the Thieves, Pickpockets and Street Robbers, in and about this Metropolis, greeting.*

Dear Gentlemen,

YOUR late Petition to Parliament, inſtead of allarming, has afforded Matter of the greateſt Amuſement to us: We have not had a ſerious Muſcle in our Faces ever ſince we firſt heard of it. ——Ha! ha! ha! Who can forbear laughing at the ridiculous Idea? A timid, daſtardly Lover ſure is a Creature unknown to Antiquity, and was reſerved to do Honour to the preſent polite Generation! How would the *Greek* and *Roman* Ladies have

have treated ſuch whining Petitioners? Doubtleſs, with the ſame Contempt every *Britiſh* Lady cannot but have for you. What would have become of you had you been born in *Spain*, where you muſt have combatted with mad Bulls by Day, and run the Riſque of half a dozen Duels in your Midnight Serenades, or never have hoped to obtain the leaſt Favour from your Miſtreſſes? But you'll ſay, perhaps, that ſuch animated Paſſions are the Growth of warmer Climates; and that in theſe northern Regions, the Sun, ſhining with fainter Rays, inſpires leſs romantick Deſires. Poor *Evaſion!* How was it in the Days of yore? Was not *Britain* in the ſame Degree of Latitude ſhe now is, when her Sons were juſtly ſtil'd the *Gallant* and the *Bold?* When Tilts and Tournaments were in vogue? When every Lover bore his Lady's Picture on his Shield, and endeavour'd to render himſelf worthy by his Lance of receiving a Scarff or Bracelet from her Hands? But now——O fye for Shame! Inſtead of deſpiſing all Danger, as true Lovers ſhould, you, poor trembling Things, are afraid of ſtirring out a Nights to meet the dear Idols of your Hearts, for fear of being barbarouſly interrupted by us, forſooth! Indeed, indeed, you little deſerve

the

the Aſſignations you talk of, if you can be ſo eaſily deterr'd from enjoying the Bleſſing. ——Did you ever read *Waller?*

Women, born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the Forward and the Bold.

Do you think then ſuch a frivolous Excuſe will paſs with them? Muſt they not laugh, and heartily diſpiſe all thoſe who are capable of making it?

But, with Submiſſion, Gentlemen, we are very great Infidels with reſpect to theſe ſame Aſſignations, and do not believe a Syllable of the Matter. We cannot think but the Women of this enlighten'd Age are too wiſe not to diſtinguiſh better than to be drawn into Condeſcentions of that Nature with ſuch puny Gallants as you appear to be; and therefore you muſt excuſe us if we cannot conſider them in any other Light, but as the mere Effects of your uſual Vanity and Oſtentation.

You are pleaſed to lay great Streſs upon your Hardſhips, and ſet them forth with all the Air of a real Diſtreſs: You likewiſe preſage of dire Conſequences to the Publick as well as to yourſelves, but for our Parts again, we muſt be ſo free as to tell you, that we look upon your Hardſhips no other than

than as *Chimerical*, and your attempting to make your Grievance a publick Evil, as downright *Cant*: To what, pray, are the Hardſhips you complain of owing (ſuppoſing them real) but to your own Puſillanimity? Or to what can you attribute the Odium you inſinuate, that you labour under, but to the ſame puſillanimous Cauſe? You may believe us, we never care to attack a brave Man. Dare then to exert a courageous Spirit?——Give the World a Specimen by a Challenge or two.——But alas! We deſpair already of your taking our Advice.——We are afraid that you are incapable of drawing Sword, or any thing elſe in Honour of your Miſtreſſes; and therefore we cannot ſee that you have the leaſt colourable Excuſe for your Complaints, or much leſs can ever hope to be the Favourites of the Fair.

Beſides, Gentlemen, there does not ſeem to be juſt Grounds for the Fears you ſo ſtrongly betray. For Heaven's Sake, what is there could tempt any of our Fraternity to attack you? It is not with you as with the Lovers in the Days of the Third *Edward*, or of *Charles*, of gallant and amorous Memory. Then it was a thouſand to one but they took from them the Picture of ſome fine Creature in the Lid of a

Gold

Gold Snuff-Box, ſet with Ditmonds, which the Owner would not fail to ranſom the next Day, by paying twice the Value, and throw in a valuable Conſideration beſides, for keeping the Thing a Secret. This was ſomething like a Booty; an Inducement worthy of Riſk! Whereas, what ſhould we get by ſtopping ſuch as you, but light Purſes, and perhaps ſome bauble of a Necklace, or ſo? Aſſure yourſelves we are not ſo void of Policy; like our Brethren in higher Spheres, we do not care to run the Hazard of our Necks for mere Trifles.

Having now anſwered every Part of your Petition, and ſhewn, we hope, to the Satisfaction of the World, how idle your Complaints are, we entreat you, Gentlemen—— do not any longer frighten yourſelves ſo unmercifully——form not ſuch terrible Ideas ——diveſt yourſelves of your groundleſs Apprehenſions——perſue boldly your Aſſignations and Intrigues, if you have any. The moſt that can happen to you is your being a little diſconcerted in your Dreſs by the firſt rude Shock or Joſtle we ſhall give you; but the Moment we ſee who you are, be aſſured you are ſafe for us, upon our Honours; if it were only in conſideration of the Honour you have done us, in ſuggeſting that we have ſuch powerful

Friends

Friends and Relations in the auguſt Aſſemble you are applying to.

But if, after all, Gentlemen, you ſhould not care to truſt to our Profeſſions (as indeed who can blame ſo commendable a Diffidence?) from the Senſe we have of your wretched Situation in being under ſuch perpetual Apprehenſions, we hereby generouſly contribute towards the Redreſs of the Grievance petitioned for, in the following Clauſe, to be incerted in the propoſed Act, if the Parliament ſhall ſo think meet, *viz.*

Be it further enacted, by and with the Conſent and Authority aforeſaid, that in order effectually to relieve the Petitioners, a Reward of ten Pounds be given for taking every Thief, Pickpocket, *or* Street Robber; *and accordingly, whoever takes, or is aiding and aſſiſting in the taking of a* Thief, Pickpoket, *or* Street Robber, *is hereby entitled to the Whole or Part of the ſaid ten Pounds for each, ſo as he, ſhe, or they, be lawfully convicted, as in Caſes of the Highway. And that to be levied in juſt Proportion upon all the Lovers in and about this Metropolis.*

By this, Gentlemen, you ſee you are effectually relieved at a very eaſy Expence; for without the ſaid Reward, in an Age

where no Body does any thing for nothing, all Endeavours after a Remedy would be vain and fruitleſs. By this you will have the Protection you hope for as good Subjects. By this you will infallibly engage all Hackney Coachmen, Chairmen, Watchmen and others in your Cauſe, who will be ready to ſacrifice their Lives, and thereby become a kind of Body Guard to you.

Then, Gentlemen, and only then, can you hope to go to your reſpective *Cloe*'s without Fear and Trembling, without Lett or Moleſtation, early or late, or in the Dark or by Moonlight.

And ſo, Gentlemen, leaving you to the Tranſports we imagine this happy Expedient will occaſion, we remain,

With all due Contempt,

Your's,

From the Rendezvous in
Great St. Giles's.

Filch,
Rugged and Tough,
Macſturdy,
Gambling Will,
Dead Lay,
Play-Houſe Scout,
&c. &c. &c.

THE

Gallant Adventure,

Occaſioned by the foregoing.

NO ſooner had *Dorimante* read the foregoing, and found it was aſcrib'd by every Body to his adorable *Sapho*, than he took fire at the ſcandalous Imputation upon the Lovers, and fancying himſelf particularly pointed at, his Love ſoon ſuggeſted a Scheme of Gallantry to convince her that the Spirit of it was not at ſo low an Ebb in this Nation as ſhe ſeemed to imagine.

Accordingly he choſe the firſt Day of the Year to put his gay Deſign in execution. To this end, having taken upon himſelf to be Plenipotentiary on the Part of the Thieves, he put on a large black Peruke, and black Stock; a Hat of a moſt enormous ſize, and fiercely cock'd; a huge pair of Whiſkers which turn'd up almoſt to his Eyes, and gave an Air of Terribleneſs to all his Aſpect. About his Waſte he had a broad Belt, hung round with Piſtols and Daggers, holding under his Arm a Baſket-

hilted

hilted Sword of a prodigious length. Thus formidably equip'd, throwing a Scarlet Cloak about him to conceal the Weapons, about Ten in the Morning he took Chair to *Sapho*'s. The Page happening to be neareſt the Door, ran haſtily to ſee who it was that thundered in ſo unuſual a Manner. No ſooner was it opened than he was frighted almoſt to Death at the Figure of *Dorimante*, who ſhutting the Street Door to, made but one Stride into the Parlour, throwing off his Cloak and demanding in a magiſterial Tone to ſpeak with the Lady of the Houſe. The little Page at this new Spectacle of Terror, imagin'd nothing leſs than that he was come to rob the Houſe, and runs up to his Lady's Woman, crying out, There's the Devil of a Man below, who is come to cut all our Throats. She only laugh'd at firſt, but giving a peep into the Parlour, was frighted at the Glimpſe ſhe had of him little leſs than the Page; ſhe flew as faſt as the Surprize ſhe was in would give her leave, to acquaint her Lady what kind of Gueſt had got Entrance into the Houſe, trembling as ſhe ſpoke, and ready to ſink, as believing that Moment would indeed be the laſt of all their Lives.

The charming *Sapho* has Courage little inferior to her Wit and Beauty, but not ſuffi-

client,as as ſhe has ſince confeſs'd, to defend her from feeling ſome little Palpitation at ſuch an Accident. She had however Preſence enough of Mind to conceal it from her Woman, and to inſpire her with more Reſolution than ſhe herſelf had at that Juncture, affected to heighten that Smile, which Nature had imprinted on her Face. ——Prithee, ſaid ſhe, don't fancy Danger where there are none.———I ſee into the Thing.——This is only ſome unfortunate Gentleman, whom the Calamities of the Times have reduced to aſk Favours of thoſe in whoſe Power he imagines it is to grant them.———He has doubtleſs heard of the Deference paid me by the K——, ſo thinks I roll in Money ; but go to him, continued ſhe, and give him theſe five Pieces ; tell him the Situation of my Affairs is not ſo eaſy as the World gives out, or I would have been more liberal.——Excuſe my not ſeeing him in the beſt Manner you can, and beg he will accept this little Teſtimony of my Compaſſion for his unhappy Circumſtances, only as the Earneſt of a Donation more worthy of him, when Fortune ſhall think fit to put it more ſolidly in my Power.

Theſe Words, and the Money which her Lady put into her Hands, made her

ſome-

ſomewhat more aſſur'd; yet did ſhe go down Stairs with a Timidity, which increaſed as ſhe drew nearer the Room where this terrible Viſiter was.——At ſight of him ſhe was ready to die, and delivered her Meſſage with ſo flatering a Voice, that had it not been for the five Pieces which ſhe held out to him between her trembling Fingers, he would have been at a loſs to have known on what Errand ſhe was ſent.

Dorimante, after all the Authority he had aſſumed on this Occaſion, began now to give a more agreeable turn to the Terror he perceived he had ſpread in the Family, and was attentive to remove it by a different Behaviour. He therefore very gracefully refuſed the Money.——Tell your Lady, ſaid he ſmiling, that I come not to *take* but to *give*, and muſt beg you to be the Deliverer of this Trifle from me. In ſpeaking theſe Words he put a Caſket into her Hands:——As for the five Pieces ſhe intended me, continued he, ſeeing her ſtill more amazed, I cannot do leſs than make them up ten, which be pleaſed to accept yourſelf, as a Recompence for the Trouble I have occaſioned you.

He ſaid no more, but throwing his Cloak haſtily about him, went out of the Houſe without waiting any Reply, leaving

Sapho's

Sapho's Woman in ſuch a Conſternation as for ſome Moments render'd her unable to move from the Place. The Page who had ſtood liſtening behind a Skreen, no ſooner ſaw him go out than he ran and bolted the Door for fear of his return, crying all's ſafe, —he ſhall never come in again I'll warrant him.— The Lady's Woman coming to herſelf, Well, ſaid ſhe, this is the oddeſt Adventure— and immediately flew up Stairs where *Sapho* was waiting the Event with no ſmall Impatience.

Nothing could equal that Lady's Surpriſe when ſhe was told the Behaviour of the Stranger, except what ſhe felt on opening the Caſket, which contained a fine Solitair ſet with Diamonds, encompaſſing a Ruby in the Shape of a Heart, and a Sprig of Jewels for her Hair compoſed of Emralds, Saphirs, Amethyſts and other precious Stones, ſet ſo as to repreſent Flowers. At the Bottom of the Caſket lay a Paper, which ſhe haſtily examining found it contained theſe Lines.

To the most amiable and most accomplished Sapho, *the fair Defender of the Thieves, &c.*

PRoud in the Name of the confed'rate Gang,
I come to thank you for your gay Harangue.
The choicest Booty our whole Lock affords,
Bears no Proportion to your charming Words:
Not as a Fee this Trifle then receive,
But all your Client—Thieves have Power to give.
What Fee can pay where Sapho *deigns to plead?*
What Cause be lost where Sapho *can be fee'd?*
Where Force of Reas'ning, Beauty and of Wit,
Where all conspire, all Tullies *must submit.*

This Billet, as well as the Elegance and Magnificence of the Present, created an agreeable Confusion in *Sapho*, that took up her Thoughts for a considerable Time, not so much with guessing who might possibly be the Author of this Piece of Gallantry, as with expressing her Admiration at the Novelty of it, till on a nearer Inspection of the Jewels she received a sudden light

light to her perplex'd Imagination, crying out, Heavens! *Dorimante!* Here is the Name of *Dorimante* inlaid with Diamonds in the little Ruby Heart! 'Tis he.——It could be none but he.

She retired upon this into her Cabinet greatly pleased with the Eclaircissement of this Adventure. Some Time after she rewarded the faithful Services of *Dorimante* by giving herself to him. They are still an Ornament to the Bridal State, and blest with a blooming Offspring that promise no less to be the Ornaments of their Country.

F I N I S.